

IVES

FLAPPER SUIT

The Kitchen
Cabinet

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School
Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 25

CHRISTMAS LESSON—THE VISIT
OF THE WISE MEN.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 2:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—And when they had
their treasures they presented
them gifts; gold and frankincense
and myrrh.—Matt. 2:11.

KEY TOPIC—Wise Men Visit the

TOPIC—The Wise Men and

DATE AND SENIOR TOPIC

Christmas.

DATE AND ADULT TOPIC

Day in the Year.

Mostly Sought (vv.

Who sought Jesus

for Persian as-

the stars. The

usual star at-

n. Perhaps

the famous

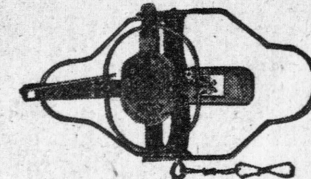
m. 24:17).

ence of the

or the

TRAPPERS AND
MARSH OWNERS

Muskrat skins are selling now at \$2.00 each. You lose
one-third of your Rat Crop by "Wringing-off" in the
common traps. You can save them all by using



"Two
Trigger"
Traps

PRICE—65c each in lots
of less than one dozen.
\$7.00 per dozen

Guaranteed to have no spring breakage. Guaranteed
wringing-off. Get them from your dealer. If he won't
write us, we will. Take no other.

EVERY RAT THAT GETS AWAY WOULD PAY FOR 3 OTHERS

MADE BY W. A. GIBBS &
CHESTER, PA.

OUR THANKS —AND— HOLIDAY GREETINGS

TO our many customers we return our warmest Thanks for their liberal
patronage during the Christmas Holidays. Meeting their demands
has made very heavy inroads upon our unusually full stock
kinds.

Yet despite it all there remain many articles, Holiday
which we mean to close out by Dec. 31st, even if we have
cuts into the former prices.

So to accomplish this sweeping clean up of everything
we shall reduce everyone of those articles very heavily
in expressing our appreciation of your liberal
the future the same studied efforts to please
service and also in our efforts to give
trade goods at very reasonable figures
we wish all our esteemed pa
Merry Christmas and a very

Automobile

I desire to announce
RE

Automobile

by Harry Beggs.
Kirk, Ruth Gillespie, Santa in an auto
loaded with toys.
Prettily trimmed Christmas trees are
shown in Mrs. McCrone's in Miss Mc
Faul's and in Miss Prudence Lewis' rooms.
The rooms of Mrs. McCrone, Miss Ada
and Miss Prudence Lewis are also
lovely decorated in holiday attire of
bunting, holly boughs, bells etc.
Mccrone's room is also some
of junior work in crayon and draw-
ing. Xmas bells by Etta Doktor,
her teaus, Santa and his packed
by Edith Eliason—a real fine
old mill and fence done in a big
oe and a night scene by Miriam
t's room has some clever little
you outlines with bits of pic-
them, and a real talented
by little 8 year old June
Santa doing the chimney
ever things by 8 and 10
Myers, Naomi Keith, Ma
there, and a big Santa
9 years old.
The Jones, room was a re
ed crayon bird
with green-bued
red house with
a water scene
mountains, bridge
and other
ple
ad

ined
the Lock-
undred Club
their home on
afternoon from
There were six
spent a delightful
prizes were distri-
Richard Cann, 1st;
was won by Mrs.
e second and third
W. T. Connellee
Refreshments
ere present.
Mrs. E. C. Mc-
lee, Mrs. J. G.
Miss Eliza-
Mrs. W.
Chamberlaine,
T. Cann, Mrs.
lts, Mrs. G.
d, Mrs. D. W.
rs. T. E. Lind
nd, Jr., Mrs.
ichin Miss

an, of Odessa, called on George Webb
of wife on Sunday.
George Webb and wife left on Thurs-
day to spend the winter with their son
George Roemer and wife, of Odessa.
M. G. Moore, of Salem, N. J., spent
Sunday with friends here.
Mrs. Dilworth Vandegrift, of McDon-
ough, was the guest of her parents R. S.
Carpenter and wife on Tuesday.
Mrs. Hanna Ostenson-entertained over
Sunday her daughter Miss Helen, of
Vandyke's corner.
Supt. A. R. Spaid visited the School
here on Wednesday.
Miss Reba Dolbow, who is a trained
nurse and practising in Philadelphia, was
called home to attend to her sister and
niece, Mrs. William Fisher, and daughter
Miss Lillian, who are sick with Scarlet
fever.
The children of the Presbyterian Sun-
day School are busy practising for their
Christmas entertainment to be given Sun-
day evening. The usual treat to a box of
candy will also be given to the children.
The property sold by the heirs of the
late Conrad Zacheis was purchased by
Thomas Higgins.

OBITUARY

ISAAC T. REDGRAVES
On Tuesday, Mr. Isaac T. Redgraves
died at the home of his son Mr. John
Redgraves, on the "Wheatland Farm"
near Mt. Pleasant. He had been ill for
several months with lung trouble and
was 72 years old at the time of his death.
Mr. Redgraves leaves three sons and four
daughters, Messrs. Rowe and James Red-
graves our well-known merchants and
Mr. John W. Redgraves who is farming
Wheatland place; Mrs. Dillard
North and Mrs. Elmer Stafford, resi-
dents of Middletown vicinity; Mrs.
Md., and
Philadelphia.
John W.
Rev.
conducting them. The
interred in the Forest Ceme-
graves spent the most of his
life in Cecil County, Md., but had
friends in this section. He was
highly esteemed by all who knew him,
both in his old Maryland home and in
Delaware.

MISS CAROLYN McALEER

Miss Carolyn McAleer died at her home
in East Orange, N. J. Thursday, after an
illness of several months. Miss McAleer
is the second daughter of Mrs. Mary Mc-
Aleer, and her numerous friends here
were shocked when told of her untimely
death. The remains were brought to
Middletown Friday afternoon and Mass
will be held in St. Francis Xavier Cath-
olic Church this (Saturday) morning, and
interment made in the adjoining ceme-
tery.

House Burned in Odessa

Fire of an unknown origin destroyed
the dwelling in Odessa on Thursday
owned by Daniel Gibbs. Mary Wright,
colored, the tenant of the house was
attending a funeral at the time the fire
was discovered, and only a small
quantity of her household effects were
saved. There was no insurance. Two
other dwellings caught but the flames were
extinguished before doing any damage.

Big Drop in Price at Messick's.
The New Tungsten Lamps 40 and

Part of

"THE ROSE OF KENTUCKY"

"THE LITTLE REBEL"—Lubin

Fine War Picture

"PARDON ME"—Lubin

Comedy

"THE TRAMP ARTIST"—Essanay

Comedy

"A QUESTION OF MODESTY"—Lubin

Comedy

"JUDGE SIMPKIN'S SUMMER COURT"—Essanay

Comedy

Don't forget the extraordinary picture on Xmas Night,
"The Life of Moses"—Vitagraph. In 5 Reels.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Commencing Monday, December 25th, 1911, exhibitions will be
given on Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings only.
Theatre will not be opened on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

First Exhibition starts at 7.30 P. M.

Second Exhibition starts at 9.00 P. M.

Adult, Admission 10 cents. Children under 12 years of age, 5 cents

Gallery reserved for Colored Patrons

H. S. NEWMAN

Candy! Candy!

All Kinds of Candy for Christmas

Fine Mixtures and Chocolates.

Box Candy, any size and all prices.

Oranges and Bananas.

Figs, Dates and all kinds of Nuts.

Delicious Fruit Cake in 2 or 5 lb. Cakes.

Middletown Farms Ice Cream served in any

quantities and delivered by calling,

Phone No. 110.

Don't forget the Place

WILCUTTS

Next to Peoples Bank

Middletown, Del.

John Heldmyer, Jr.

Fancy and Staple Groceries

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Try Heldmyer's Half Smokes

If not as good as you have ever had, come
back and get your money.

Our Own Make of

HIGHEST CASH PR

Phone No. 53

West Main St.

shot over yonder, and the little fellow is after it. He's down the field there somewhere."

How time dragged! The battery to left of us went into action, and began firing rapidly; we could mark the black figures of the cannoneers at the nearer guns, outlined against the sky over the crest, as they moved quickly back and forth. Twice they bore motionless bodies to the rear, and laid them down tenderly beyond the fierce zone of fire. Then the heavier pieces of artillery farther down the line burst into thunder, and we silently hills similar to those we occupied, I could perceive the flames of numerous camp-fires leaping up into sudden radiance, while against the brightening sky a great flag lazily flapped its folds to the freshening breeze. Evidently our opponents were first astride, and the headquarters of some division of the enemy must be across yonder. As I gazed, other fires burst forth to left and right as far as the unaided eye could carry through the gloom, and I was thus enabled to trace distinctly those advanced lines opposing us. Experience told me their position must be a strong one, and their force heavy.

As I turned to mark our own formation, the roll of drums rang out, while the quickening notes of the reveille sounded down the long lines of slumbering men. Life returned, as if by magic, to those motionless forms, and almost in a moment all below me became astride, and I could clearly distinguish the various branches of the service, as they stretched away commingled upon either hand. We were evidently stationed close to the centre of our own position. The intervening ground sloped so gently forward, while the hill crest was so thickly crowned with trees, it looked an ideal position from which to advance in line of attack. Upon my right there appeared a break in the solidity of our line, but even as I noted it, wondering at the oversight, the dense front of an infantry column debouched from a ravine and, marching steadily forward, filled the gap. I could distinctly mark the wearied manner in which the men composing it flung themselves prostrate on the hard ground the moment they were halted—doubtless all through the long hours of the black night they had been toiling on to be in time.

Aides were galloping furiously now among the scattered commands. The obscuring fog slowly rose from off the face of the valley, but all the central portion remained veiled from view. Suddenly, as I watched, the brown cloud beneath me was rent asunder here and there by little spits of fire, and it was curious to observe how these quick spiteful darts of flame swept the full length of my vista. I could distinguish no reports, —it was too far away,—but realized that the opposing pickets had caught sight of each other through the gloom. Then a big gun boomed almost directly opposite me, its flame seeming like a red-hot knife rending the mist. This had barely vanished when a sudden cheer rang out upon my left, and I turned in time to behold a thin, scattered line of gray-clad footmen sweep down the

of one of intense scream of human, the horse of my reared and came over, the rider before he could look a foot from stirrup; the Lieutenant-Colonel rode slowly past us to the rear, his face deathly white, one arm, dripping blood, dangling helpless at his side. This was the hardest work of war, that silent agony which tried men in helpless bondage to unyielding discipline. I glanced anxiously along the front of my troop, but they required no word from me; with tightly set lips, and pale, stern faces, they held their line steady as granite, closing up silently the ragged gaps torn by plunging balls.

"Captain," said Colgate, riding to where I sat my horse, "you will see that the paper I gave you reaches home safe if I fail to come out of this?"

I reached over and gripped his hand hard.

"It will be the first thing I shall remember, Jack," I answered earnestly. "But we may have it easy enough after all—it seems to be an infantry affair."

He shook his head gravely. "No," he said, pointing forward, "they will need us now."

As he spoke it seemed as though the sharp firing upon both sides suddenly ceased by mutual consent. The terrible roar of small arms, which had mingled with the continuous thud of great guns, died away into an intermittent rattling of musketry, and as the heavy smoke slowly drifted upward in a great white cloud, we could plainly distinguish the advancing Federal lines, three ranks deep, stretching to left and right in one vast, impenetrable blue wall, sweeping toward us upon a run. Where but a brief moment before the plain appeared deserted, it was now fairly alive with soldiery, the sun gleaming on fixed bayonets, and faces aglow with the ardor of surprise. Some one had blundered! The thin, unsupported line of gray infantry directly in our front closed up their shattered ranks hastily in desperate effort to stay the rush. We could see them jamming their muskets for volley fire, and then, with clash and clatter that drowned all other sounds, a battery of six black guns came flying madly past us, every horse on the run, lashed into frenzy by his wild rider. With carriage and caisson leaping at every jump, the half-naked, smoke-begrimed cannoneers clinging to their seats like monkeys, they dashed recklessly forward, swung about into position, and almost before the muzzles had been well pointed, were hurling canister into that blue, victorious advance. How those gallant fellows worked! their guns leaping into air at each discharge, their movements clock-work! Tense, eager, expectant, every hand among us hard gripped on sabre hilt, we waited that word which surely could not be delayed, while from end to end, down the full length of our straining line, rang out the yell of exultant pride.

"Steady, men; steady there, lads!" called the old Colonel, sternly, his own eyes filled with tears. "Our turn will come."

Torn, rent, shattered, bleeding, treading upon the dead and mangled in rows, those iron men in blue came on. They were as demons laughing at death. No rain of lead, no hail of canister, no certainty of destruction could check now the fierce impetus of that forward rush. God knows it was magnificent; the supreme effort of men intoxicated with the enthusiasm of war! Even where we were could see and feel the giant power of those grim ranks of steel—the tall, set faces, the stern, set faces, the chorus of "Glory, glory,

About a scarce a hundred meted like demons for their lives in midst of the guns. Even as I glided aside at them, shielding my head with uplifted sabre from the blows rained upon me, the color-sergeant flung me to keep from falling. Out of his opposing fingers I snatched the splintered staff, lifted it high up, until the rent folds of the old flag caught the dull glow of the sunlight. —th Virginia!" I shouted. "Rally on the colors!"

I could see them coming—all that was left of them—fighting their way through the press, cleaving the mass with their blows as the prow of a ship cut the sea. With one vicious jab of the spur I led them, a thin wedge of tempered gray steel, battling, gouging, rending a passage into that solid blue wall. Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, slashing madly with our broken sabres, battling as men crazed with lust of blood, our very horses fighting for us with teeth and hoofs, we ploughed a way of death through a dozen files. Then the vast mass closed in upon us, rolled completely over us. There was a flash, a vision of frenzied faces, and I knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DIRTY EGGS ON THE FARM

There are a few egg producers who take the best of care of their product, the average farmer considers the egg produced on the farm a by-product and makes very little provision for their care, aside from gathering them. A large loss is caused by dirty eggs, the number being enormous and according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture this money loss to farmers in the United States amounts to \$50,000,000 a year.

This loss is caused by not gathering the eggs in a clean place, or by not washing them in water. In wet weather the eggs are often covered with mud or other dirt, and when going on the nest to lay she is already in the nest.

An insufficient number of eggs are laid on the ground and the hay and straw stacks and become stained are classed as "dirties." As when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest some are broken and many others become smeared with broken yolks. This condition is often brought about by allowing the broody hens to use the same nests with the layers. On a farm where one nest to every four hens is provided and the nests are kept clean and well-budded it is found that very few dirty eggs are produced.

After gathering the eggs care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated or near oil, onions or other vegetables as they readily absorb odors.

Although a dirty egg may be perfectly fresh they invariably sell at "seconds" and when but a few dirty eggs are mixed with an otherwise fresh one lot they materially decrease the price of the clean eggs.

At the Dinner

Last Christmas a certain minister was invited to a big dinner at the house of one of the leading men in town. At the dinner table he was placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the minister's left. Seeing the goose he remarked:

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?" Finding his words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady, and said, in a most inoffensive tone:

"Excuse me, my lady; I meant the roast goose."

ITS BRANCHES.

Funeral Director and EMBALMER

J. H. EMERSON
Middletown

S. E. MASSE

DEALER IN
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE

Also a Large Stock

Howard W.
Gillett
Repairing

Men's Suits
Ladies' Suits

M. DE

MIDDLETOWN

NOT

The Stockholders
County National Bank
are requested to meet at
in O'Leary, Del., on
JANUARY 3d, 1912,
and 11 o'clock A.
M. for the purpose of
reorganization and
renewal of the
bank.

RESOLVED
DIRECTORS

Articles of Association
and that the
SEVEN NOR
ORS' be inserted
By Order

Of the Del.